

72 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Forgetting the short Respite of his Woe.

Wounded you said!—and slain I fear — [*weeping*]
 cou'd he

Not write to me?

Gent. His Wrist was broken, Madam.

Soph. He had a Tongue! — [*sighing*] His Secretary then

Could write.—

[*Aside.*

He makes such vain Evasions, surely my
 Son is lost.— [*weeping*]

To him. Will you go in and stay Dinner with us?
 Let me know the worst, I beg Sir; — for this
 Anxiety is insufferable! — [*Exeunt.*

Sophia sola, in Sophronia's Parlour.

Enter to her a Servant.

Madam, my Mistress will wait on you immediately. [*Exit.*

Sophia sola. A Gloom hangs on the Countenance
 of all

I meet here, and with a fatal Presage
 Fills my Soul.—Be still my Heart,—nor pine at
 The Decrees of Fate: Now summon all thy
 Resolution, to hear th' unwelcome Tale,
 From whence to date the Æra of thy Grief.

Enter Sophronia.

Sophia. Madam, I took the Liberty to wait
 On you, in Hopes of having the Pleasure
 To wish you Joy of your good News from *Quebec.*

Soph. I'm oblig'd t' ye Madam, for this friendly
 Visit,—but have no room to hope for Joy.

[*Sophia aside.*] Has she no room to hope for
 Joy! — then what

Have I to fear! [*sighing.*]

To her. Pray, Madam, what Intelligence arriv'd?

Soph. I have not seen the Gentleman who brought
 Th' Express, nor receiv'd a Letter, but I

Have